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Towards Freedom.

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TOWARDS FREEDOM:

POEMS

BY
W. ROBERT HALL
AUTHOR OF
GLIMPSES OF THE UNSEEN

PRICE EIGHTPENCE

THE UNIVERSAL PUBLISHING COMPANY
(SIDNEY R. CAMPION)
CHORLEY, LANCASHIRE,



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Foreword

Cherishing as I do the hope that this little book may be read by some who, like myself, labour with their hands day by day, and who have been taught by bitter experience to look with suspicion upon all formulas of a theological character, I naturally wish it to be known by my readers what I mean by the expression, *the Christ*, that occurs so frequently in these poems of mine. This great word, *the Christ*, I use in order to convey the idea of the Eternal Shining-forth of the glowing Life and Love at the Heart of all, manifesting itself in the Infinite Universe, but burning to a focus in man, and lustrous with unparalleled and intensest brightness in the soul of the Carpenter, Jesus of Nazareth—working in the soul of Humanity as a constant urge towards Truth, Goodness, and Beauty, Justice, Freedom, and Love.

To realise this Divine Splendour is to become free in the highest sense. We can be neither slaves nor masters when we know that in all of us dwells the Eternal Christ in varying degrees of development. If I may be allowed a personal reference, I should like to say that I am glad that never have I had a master (in the everyday sense of that word) except for a very brief period, but I am proud

as well as glad that never have I been a master myself. How can we who see the form of the Son of Man in everyone be bound by bonds of earthly allegiance, whether of Custom, Church, or State? We cannot but be subjects of a far higher loyalty. Jesus said: "One is your Master, even the Christ," meaning, I firmly believe, that our own Divine Christ-Self, the True Self of Humanity as a whole, as of each individual man, should be our only Lord. How glorious, how beautiful that Christ-Self is when fully open as a flower, we may see by looking on the soul of Jesus as revealed to us in the Gospels. The tightly-folded bud that in most of us less-developed ones is all we have that is Godlike will open one fair day—"in the time of the lily"—and be as beautiful and glorious. He whom, in this Christ-realising way, the Son makes free is free indeed.

W. ROBERT HALL.

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Towards Freedom

THE HERETIC

They cast him out of their synagogue,
Cried "Heretic!" "Infidel!" and "Dog!"
They thrust their fingers in their ears
At the strong, true words that met their jeers.
He worships now with birds and flowers;
Not lonely are his Sabbath hours,
For he meets with more than flowers and birds;
He sees the Christ and hears His words.

Christ comes to him, clad in many a form,
The Ever-living One, radiant, warm;
To him the Christ says "Be of good cheer!
This wild is home, for I am here—
I and My Father's little ones,
The birds and flowers, with elder sons
And daughters, and the Father too—
We are all here to-day with you!"

The outcast hears, and his heart leaps up
As the Christ holds out the Life-filled Cup—
Wine from the grapes of Love's true South,
Hallowed by kisses of Love's mouth.
He whom men excommunicate
Drinks with his Lord. What matters hate
Poured on him now from all the tribe
Of priest and pharisee and scribe?

He has the Real Presence sweet,
The comfort of the Paraclete;
To him the whole world is a shrine,
Its very dust is all divine.

He sees God in the birds and beasts,
And smothered Christhood even in priests
Who call him " Heretic!" " Infidel!"
And threaten his loving soul with Hell.

Ah, why should men build walls around
Their own particular holy ground,
And call all other spots unclean—
Say that their own grass is more green,
Their flowers more radiant than those
Of the fields where the common people goes?
The god these good folk have enticed
Within their walls is not Love's Christ!

Walls shut Him out, not close Him in.
Oh! if you would His Blessing win,
Break down your barriers, walk abroad
In life's common ways with the common Lord!
See Him smile at you from children's eyes,
And mark His splendour through the disguise
Of the beggar's rags; your soul be unsealed
To the beautiful Christ of the wave and the field.

And when your brother slams his door
And shuts you out, love and pity him more
Than he hates you. And praise your Lord
In the worship-tent of the blue sky broad:
And if no one will join you, keep your tryst
With the despised and rejected Christ,
Knowing full well that every wall
Must crumble when Love is All in All.

SONG OF THE POOR FOOLS

We are the many million fools
Who give the Few our strength for nought.
They've stol'n our land, they've stol'n our tools,
Our utmost labour they have bought
With bare necessities of life
For stunted bairns and weary wife.

We poor fools number ten to one
Of those who fatten on our flesh;
Yet every day, in rain and sun,
Ourselves, we bind our bonds afresh!
Ah! fools indeed are we to bear
Their chains who are so debonair.

No longer will we live like fools!
We'll break our bonds, resume our place,
And take our land, and take our tools,
Life's common gifts to all the Race:
Our wives shall sing, our children laugh,
While *all* the wine of life shall quaff.

Then they shall be the fools who shirk
The common lot; they shall not eat
Nor dwell at ease who will not work.
But for us, happy toilers, sweet
Those days as bitter those of yore,
All brothers we, and fools no more!

THE GOAT

Lonely Shepherd, in the misty mead
Piping to the flock that will not heed,
I, a goat, am drawn from the high crags
By the sad, sweet music of Thy reed.

Night is coming, Shepherd, all the West
 Smoulders into gloom. O! let me rest
 At Thy feet. For once a Goatherd be,
 For Thy sheep know not when they are blest!

I, a goat! But why should that debar
 From the love that drew me from afar?
 "Thou hast heard Me calling, thou shalt be
 Sheep of Mine till fades the morning star."

NEITHER SLAVE NOR MASTER BE

I will not live in slavery
 And ne'er will I a master be,
 But dwell, like wild-birds, poor and free.

I'd rather starve from birth to grave,
 Live in a hollow tree or cave,
 Than lord it o'er a supple slave.

All through the land I'd rather tramp
 In storm and calm, in heat and damp,
 And have men dub me "worthless scamp,"

Than make a brother brush my coat
 And call me "sir," with oily note,
 When he would rather cut my throat!

Fling off your liveries and gauds
 And no more lick the feet of lords,
 Whose claims to rule you are but frauds!

And, Masters, quit your pedestals,
 Treat men as men, not animals,
 And let us henceforth all be pals!

MOON-RISE

The Moon has risen,
And some in prison
Who do not sleep
Because they weep
See through their iron bars
Her splendid travelling with the stars.

Her radiant spell
Turns the bare cell,
Plank-bed and stool,
To the vestibule
Of the Home, the Palace high
Of Love in Gardens of the Sky.

Hard stone no more,
Walls make a door
Through which may glide
To the Heaven-side
The souls whom their own fear
Alone can keep in durance drear.

The flesh remains ;
The spirit gains
Her freedom great :
She doth not wait
Man's sentence to expire
But burns her bonds in her own fire.

Beyond the night,
Into the Light
Well-known long since,
Each soul, a Prince,
Son of the Only King,
Leaves stars behind in splendid travelling.

How foolish man,
 To think he can
 Shut, in his sin,
 His brother in!
 The Father loves and draws
 His children past their cruel laws.

Best wine to quaff,
 The fatted calf
 For the wild one;
 The other son,
 So sleek and tame, forbid
 To feast his friends e'en with a kid!

Well the Judge sleeps
 On downy heaps
 And dreams of Court.
 The convict's Port
 Is gained, through iron bars,
 And splendid flight beyond the stars!

THE SOCIAL STRIFE

They tell us there is War
 Through all the world to-day—
 Mad War—as though before
 Strife held not constant sway.

Have they no eyes to mark
 The Foe that knows no pause
 That in the dawnless dark
 Kills by the cruel laws?

Red are our common ways;
 Our battles never cease.
 Thousands War maims and slays
 But tens of thousands "Peace"!

THE CROSS

“The Cross was shameful once: ages have passed
away:
It glitters on the Emperor’s crown to-day.” Angelus
Silesius.

Yes, they have stolen from us even that,
The shameful Cross we gloried in—stol’n, too,
Our Son of Man, Whom once their nails pierced
through,
On Whose sweet face their hireling soldiers spat.
On Him they’ve placed the bauble they aim at
Themselves, a glittering crown of gold, in lieu
Of that of thorns. And what more could they do
To lay our Brother’s real Glory flat?
Jesus, a pompous, domineering King?
His Cross a toy, a jewelled ornament
Upon an Emperor’s crown?—Give us again
The Carpenter Who with low sinners went,
For Mary still unto His feet would cling:
Give Him again His Cross—our Cross—of pain!

INTO A LARGE PLACE

I bid you break the walls and bars
That check the healing winds of Love!
Put out your lamps that the eternal stars
May draw your earth-tired eyes to rest above!

Step from beneath the marble roof
Into the purple Infinite!
What though the priests of darkness hold aloof?
Lonely, launch out into the seas of Light!

Truth will not be confined in creeds,
 Cathedral walls pure worship rends;
 Wisdom, from out such narrow hovels, leads
 Enfranchised souls to flight that never ends!

To that Light-world no priest admits,
 Nor formula nor magic word;
 The sons of God are free to fly through its
 Wide spaces, every soul a love-plumed bird!

A NEGLECTED CHILD

The children come with wings of light
 That they may re-ascend in love,
 But we have maimed this fledgling dove
 And beaten back its tremulous flight.

O that we might in tears awake
 From dreams of sordid wealth and might,
 To gladden in the mystic light
 That from each Infant Christ doth break!

Glad is the Christ-Child to receive
 Our gifts of frankincense and gold,
 While our hearts burn that once were cold,
 No more are faithless, but believe.

FERRUZZI'S PICTURE, THE MADONNINA

Merely a Mother with her Child asleep
 Upon her bosom! Yet Immanuel,
 Through both, to the cleans'd eye is visible,—
 The Soul Divine, to whom my soul must leap
 And mingle, as the snow-flake with the Deep,
 In mystical At-one-ment! I could dwell
 For timeless hours and worship 'neath the spell
 Of those shut eyes, not knowing that mine weep.

The gaudy trappings that we often see
Round Jesus and His Mother, God can spare :
The halo and the royal robe and crown
But hide the real Glory streaming down
From Heaven's Heart to Earth's. We merely see
A Mother and her Child, and God is there !

STUPID DEMOS

Why wear yourself out, Demos, forging chains?—
“To bind the struggling People!”
And why to build strong prisons take such pains?—
“They're wanted for the People!”
The People for the People do these things
At the bidding of their Bosses and their Kings!

Why, Demos, frame such ugly, dirty styes?—
“To lodge the common People!”
And my lord's mansion towering to the skies?—
“To make work for the People!”
The People for the People do these things
At the bidding of their Bosses and their Kings!

Why, Demos, as policeman take your pay?—
“To terrorise the People!”
And why as soldier strut about so gay?—
“To slash and shoot the People!”
The People to the People do these things
At the bidding of their Bosses and their Kings!

O Demos, I'm afraid you're still a fool!
Wake, rub your eyes, O People!
Come to yourself, scorn to be Mammon's Tool!
Arise, the Sovereign People!
Now is the dawning of the Day that brings
The end of Bosses and the last of Kings.

BARABBAS OR CHRIST?

Her Lord betrayed, His Truth denied,
 The Church join'd with the State and cried:
 " Barabbas! Not this dreaming Youth! "
 Barabbas was a patriot
 Who trusted in the sword, and not
 In Love and reasoned Truth.

Barabbas, in his country's cause,
 Had set at nought Love's foolish laws,
 And killed to make his people free.
 But the unbalanced Nazarene,
 Who 'mid the howling mob is seen,
 Taught " Love your enemy! "

Barabbas was a patriot
 Whose hand was strong, whose heart was hot
 With hate against the enemy.
 But Jesus was a dreaming Youth
 Who prated still of Love and Truth—
 No King for you and me!

So Church and State, with outcry loud,
 Infuriate the thoughtless crowd
 To take the patriotic side.
 " Barabbas, not this Man, release us!
 Away with all such fools as Jesus!
 Let them be crucified! "

 HURRAH!

Grey glooms the sea, though splashed with gold,
 And yonder gleams a silver rain:
 The gusty wind is salt and cold—
 What if I'm hungry, poor and old—
 Hurrah! I'm on the tramp again!

I left the reeking stews of men
 And passed across a wild, brown heath,
 And down a music-haunted glen
 That opened on the billows; then
 The salt sea-gale blew in my teeth.

The noisome city 's far behind
 With all its oily bourgeoisie,
 Where like a caged wild-bird I pined:
 Now, free as gulls that ride the wind,
 Hurrah, my way lies by the sea!

No more for me the foul night-doss,
 High up the cliff I know a cave
 With ivy hung and strewn with moss
 Where up to me the wind shall toss
 The lullaby of breaking wave.

Hurrah, I'm on the tramp again!
 Hurrah, my way lies by the sea!
 Hurrah! Goodbye to stress and strain!
 Hurrah for sun! Hurrah for rain!
 Hurrah! The glad waves shout with me.

GOD'S FOOLS

Out from all Churches and all Schools
 Of thought, and every stirring Camp
 God lures His men to go on tramp
 With Him, and these the world calls "fools!"

Fools like Gautama, Lord of Love,
 And Zarathustra, soul of flame,
 And Epictetus, bound and lame,
 Yet free friend of the gods above!

Fools like the God-souled Nazarene,
 The Son of Man still crucified,
 Who, banned by Churches, doth abide
 With Lazarus* and with Magdalene !

Fools like the Prophets and all Seers
 And Poets, both of word and deed,
 Who follow where Truth's beckonings lead,
 Inspirers, Saviours, Pioneers !

Fools who are wiser than Earth's wise,
 Whose hearts for Man vibrate and thrill,
 Whose ears with distant music fill,
 While far-off splendours light their eyes.

To travel where their feet have trod,
 Through self's wild night to Love's fair day,
 Draw me into Thy lonely way,
 Glad to be hailed " a Fool " for God.

WHEN WE AWAKE

We shall be satisfied when under
 The old Self dies, which Love doth sunder
 From all Her children, and the wonder
 Dawns on us of the great Accord.

When we awake and see each other,
 In the likeness of our Father-Mother,
 We shall not despise or fear our brother,
 But break our long fast at Love's Board.

At Love's Round Table all will be evened,
 For common Wine and Bread unleavened
 Our earthliness will all have heavened,
 And made all one, and like our Lord.

* The Beggar.

KINGS

Master, we wrong Thee when we fear to take
Our stand with Thee upon the apparent void !
Seeing Thee there should long since have destroyed
For lovers the illusion's power to shake
The soul. The little ship, the tortured lake,
E'en the wild, unseen wind on which are buoyed
The birds, are matters dreaded or enjoyed
By those who on their senses their all stake.
We, Master, have learned otherwise, or should
Have learned ! True Spirit are we and Divine,
So Kings o'er things of earth and hell ! The sea
Shall be as flint beneath us ; even the Rood,
On which the world hangs us as it hanged Thee,
Shall be our Throne of Living Love, as Thine !

THE TRUTH OF LOVE

How hopeless seems it, Master, when the eyes
That mark a glory round Thee, fail to see
The burning Truth incarnated in Thee,
That Love, unlearn'd, is wiser than the wise,
Unarm'd, is stronger than the strong, and dies
On dreadful Crosses, hissed at, but to be
Quickened to fuller life eternally,
Meekly inheriting both earth and skies !
They shout, these foolish friends of Thine, " Lord !
Lord !"
Thinking to please Thee with a hymn or prayer,
One hand in Thine, one grasping a red sword,
As though of this poor world Thy Kingdom were.
Ah, if it were, well might this world despair
And die in the thick darkness covering her !

OBEY LOVE ONLY

The Christhood within every one of us folk
Is our only Lord, and when
We bow our necks to an outside yoke
We are slaves and tools, not men.
So let us say
To man's law "Nay,
Love only we'll obey!"

The lower self of each one of us, folk
Shall be our slave, but when
We fix on others our own hard yoke
We are tyrants and not men.
No more we'll say
To men "Obey!"
Self only we will sway.

For Ivan and Hans and Jean and John
The only hope we can see
Is to break the yoke their necks upon,
To be slaves no more, but free.
As one to say
To Tyrants, "Nay,
Love only we'll obey!"

When Emperors, Kings, and all kinds of Lords
Rise to be brother-men,
Prisons will crumble, and rifles and swords
Rust in museums, and then
Earth will be gay,
All will obey
Whatever King Love shall say.

" IMPRACTICABLE "

Poor Jesus, and his Truth
So beautiful and white!
The Christian parsons say
We cannot reach that height.
They ought to know, for they
Control the Church's light:
How should a humble youth
Know more than they the right?

That men are gods, he taught,
And fit for god-like deeds,
Like gods to live and love.
Poor Dreamer, no one heeds!
These things are far above
His peasant-wit; it needs
Not Poetry, but Thought
To give us *working* creeds!

So let us all to church,
And hear the parsons preach!
They *think* he was a Fool,
Though that they dare not *teach!*
He never went to school,
But *they* are all and each
Renowned for deep research,
Which blossoms in their speech!

The grasses and the flowers
Of those far-off spring-days
Are not more dead and brown
Than the alluring craze
Of Him who, up and down
Those Galilean ways,
Spake of His God and ours,
Of Whose Life we are rays.

" 'Tis fair and noble, but——!"
 Each shakes his learnèd head.
 Poor Jesus, go and hide,
 For all Thy priests have said,
 " It cannot be denied
 His flowers are long since dead!"
 Hide where? Are all hearts shut
 For whom Thy heart has bled?

My Master, Jesus Christ,
 One heart is unashamed
 Of Thee and of Thy Word,
 One heart has always flamed
 With hot love when it heard
 Thy glorious Wisdom named
 " Wild Beauty, over-priced,
 Till bound and clipt and tamed!"

WHEN LOVE COMES

When to his own Love comes
 Children and birds will sing the more,
 But hushed will be the clamorous drums
 That gather men to war.

When Love comes to his own
 The servant will be reckoned lord,
 The king will leave his weary throne
 To spread the outcast's board.

When to his own comes Love
 The serpent's dark diplomacy
 Will quail before the harmless dove
 Of white simplicity.

THE SON OF PEACE

Not as an eagle but a dove
The Spirit on his spirit came.
In times of Peace he chanted Love,
In days of War he sings the same.

Men wonder why he does not change;
He wonders why they do, alas!
To him, a simple soul, 'tis strange
They should think Hate brings Love to pass!

His Holy Masters ever taught
Hate's fruit is Hate, and Love's is Love:
Their gentle wisdom he has caught,
No tearing eagle, but a dove!

TWO WARFARES

“Overcome evil with good.”

I cannot mingle in your fray,
I fight another fight,
I war against the gloom with Day,
You combat night with night.

When dark meets dark, a double dark
Bewilders and makes mad;
But light slays night: up springs the lark,
And the world's soul is glad!

SABBATH KEEPING

Dreaming through a Summer morn,
Pillowed on a tuft of Thyme.
With at hand a little book
On which, with half-shut eyes, to look

For thoughts whose loveliness may rhyme
 With sea and sky and rustling corn,
 Is better for one, every way,
 Than in some mouldering church to pray.

The foaming waves' uproar
 Driven by wild South-wester to the shore,
 The small birds twitter,
 The skylark's soaring kiss
 Gladdening the blue abyss,
 And sea-gulls' cries make fitter,
 More worshipful and truer harmonies
 Than the great organ's triple rows of keys;
 While as for homily,
 What deep Divinity
 Is taught the listening heart, with power,
 By God Himself, even from the frailest flower!

THE BECKONING GLORY

While I remember what I saw last night—
 The glory that awaiteth every one—
 Nothing on Earth can harm me; I have done
 With fear and sorrow. On the glistening height
 Of certain knowledge I can stand and sight
 That perfecting of Life long since begun—
 Myself and all men radiant as the Sun,
 Yea, as the Sun's great Lord, all Love and Light!
 Welcome the weary journey leading *there!*
 The far-off splendour lights the toilsome road:
 But, oh, for wings to lift us through the air
 In soaring troops of comrades, who may share
 The quickening joy, and drop each sordid load,
 And flight unto the beckoning Glory dare!

VOYAGING

How wide, how wild the Sea!
Yet know I a blue haven,
Between wood-mantled hills,
Where guided are weak wills,
And shielded are hearts craven,
In calm security.

But never will I turn,
Although the old hills dwindle
And sink behind the verge.
I must obey God's urge,
And when the night comes, kindle
A lamp of Hope to burn

While cold mists sweep around,
And no star shines to steer by;
And I hear voices dread
As of the hapless dead
Who suffered shipwreck near by,
And in the dark were drowned.

Better the pathless Deep,
Though by old failure haunted,
Than any bay of rest!
For ever in my breast
Resolve dwells all undaunted,
So my eyes forget to weep.

THE FRIEND

When will your eyes see, Brothers, your ears hear?
Your own mind and your own heart apprehend
The presence in each other of the Friend,
As your own soul near and dear?

Ah, do not be misled by cunning scribes
 Of the bought press, nor by sleek Pharisees
 In pulpits mouthing Gospel-parodies;
 And mind not the worldlings' gibes!

Heed none of them, but hear your Christ-self speak,
 The Self of all, the only Self, the Friend!
 So radiant Love shall Hate's cloud-curtains rend,
 Revealing the Good you seek!

THE DREAMS OF HUMANITY

God brooded o'er the Race in Love and Power.
 Now, after age-long Moons, begins to stir
 That Holy Thing that shall be born of Her.
 Fairer Her dreams as nearer creeps the Hour,
 Dreams of the Christ, Humanity in Flower,
 The joyous Springing of Love's Golden Year,
 With budding April days as never were
 Before, so warm with sun and soft with shower.
 The Race records Her visionary lore
 In Holy Books, Her dreams since Time began—
 Of Buddh the gentle, Zoroaster bright,
 Jesus the radiant Love, and many more
 Prophetic gleams of that true Light of Light
 Bursting to bloom when God is born of Man.

THE WEST WIND

The sea wind blows—thank God, not from the East,
 With tears and horror dank, heavy with blood,
 Exhaling there from measureless miles of mud,
 Trampled beneath the hooves of War's foul Beast—

But o'er a thousand leagues of waves, that feast
 Their myriad mouths with health—across a flood
 Of beauty, like a boundless field in bud,
 A field of bloom whose Spring has never ceased!
 Blow, sea wind, from sea gardens of the West,
 Whose lily blooms are tops of billows white!
 Blow on me here, and fill me with thy balm!
 While all the world is mad with hate and fright,
 Me madden with love of all fairest and best
 Till through life's storm we gain the central calm!

OUR VICTORY

When we no more submit to be their slaves,
 'Twill be fine sport for them to shoot us down
 Here in this labyrinth of writhing graves,
 The workers' squalid town.

As good as shooting grouse upon the moor
 To them will be that battue in the mud,—
 Until a voice rise from our trampled gore,
 Freezing their frenzied blood:—

“ This is your own heart's life that you have shed!
 We, whom you thought your lead and steel had slain,
 Live evermore; you only are the dead,
 And shall not rise again!”

IRISH REBELS

Unto their prison borne, I saw
 Two convicts riding with their guards;
 I doffed my cap, for were they not
 True heroes, patriots, and bards?

Mistaken? True, but nobly so!
 Did they fight wrong with wrong's own sword?—
 Better a thousand times to fight
Against than *for* a foreign lord!

They struck for liberty and love
 Of Mother-land, down-trodden long.
 Her beauty-spell had won their hearts,
 And touched with fire their speech and song.

Then in the madness of wild love
 They fought an evil fight for good.
 They took the sword, and by the sword
 Perished, as Jesus said they would.

When shall such love be purified?
 When shall such great souls understand
 How vain it is to champion right
 By might of sword in mailed hand?

Better for nation or for man
 To die upon the Cross, than be
 A victor in the devil's way—
 For Easter follows Calvary!

MUSINGS IN A WOOD

Let them, dear Flowers and Birds,
 Play at their devil's game!
 What though of their Lord's words
 They vaunt their shameful shame,
 Those blinded priests of Jesus Christ!
 By them we will not be enticed,
 For you and I and wild things all
 Would rather die than live in thrall.

We feel on us the touch

Of Love's strong hand: His word
Has thrilled us into such

Sweet life—man, flower, and bird!
The statesman and the "Christian" priest
Have turned right from the blossoming East,
And through a world of blood and woe,
They in their own dark shadows go.

They cannot hear the call

In battle's roar and yell,
Of Christ, the Heart of all,

And make Love's world a hell.
But here we hear His gentlest words,
Wild woodland creatures, Flowers and Birds!
So Heaven we make of His fair Earth,
A Paradise of lovely mirth.

A million men, they say,

Have killed a million men!
They but destroy and slay—
Love makes alive again.

War cannot shrine and manifest
The Christ, Who doth Himself invest
In His wild things, sweet Flowers and Birds,
And loving Men who live His words.

Blue seas and skies, green sod,

And opening egg and bud,
Are of the Spirit of God,

The very body and blood.
And when, like noon, around, above,
Our daily lives glows constant Love,
On Earth we'll dwell emparadised,
All in the burning Heart of Christ.

TO-DAY

To-day the dawn was violet,
The noon like hare-bells blue,
The eve, broad fields of daffodils,
With Love's Star blossoming through.

Then one by one the sister stars
Beyond the golden field
Bloomed from their purple deeps where they
All day had burned concealed.

But all day long and all this night,
As many a night and day,
Men from Love's beauty turn to blast
Each other's lives away.

For them each dawn is red as blood,
Each noon is blood on fire,
Mars is their evening star which burns
Through smoke of cruel desire.

Beyond the smoke, the fire, the blood,
Dawn still glows violet,
And Love's Day even now is blue,
And men their fears forget.

The evil dream is but a dream,
And we shall wake and sing,
All brothers in one Home at last
With every lovely thing.

" IN THE TIME OF THE LILY "

(Jacob Böhme.)

In us the living roots
 To-day are here,
 And even the green shoots
 In light appear,
 While the Sun's smile gleams from the leaves rain-wet,
 But the time of the Lily is not yet.

'Tis all here, packed away
 In little room,
 The petals' pure array,
 The dazzling bloom,
 And the love God in its heart hath set,
 But the time of the Lily is not yet.

Blow, Winter wind! And bite,
 Keen-fangèd frost!
 Under Death's dazzling white
 Life is not lost,
 But it sleeps in the dark, while we forget,
 For the time of the Lily is not yet!

Not yet, for us exiled
 To this wild place,
 Though on us once there smiled
 The Mother's Face,
 But at Home—how far from our despair!—
 Now is the time of the Lily there!

I dreamed the whole world turned
 In one great hour
 Into a flame that burned
 White like a flower,
 A Lily on a green stalk set,—
 But the time of the Lily is not yet.

Come with me to the heart
Of the Dream-bloom,
From whence the white flames dart,
And the night consume !
Let us dwell in the heart of the Lily-Flower,
For the time of the Lily is this hour !

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

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